

NO.
51

DEEP COMICS

DEC.
10¢



Starring ARCHIE ANDREWS!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 29

HIYA, GANG:

Here's a real sockeroo of an idea that was submitted by one of you Shield G Man members, and Dusty and I like it so much that we're going to put it into operation right now. We're going to give all you members of the Shield G Man Club a chance to show what kind of detectives you are, and reward you for your brains at the same time. But win or lose, you'll all have a lot of fun with this game. Here is a tricky little mystery that Dusty and I had to solve. We did. Can you?

Dusty and I walked into Tom Jenks' apartment. Jenks was streiched out on the floor. Dead. A bullet hole, round and clean in his right temple. Not a mark on his placid face that looked as though it were in a peaceful sleep. There was a note on his desk, typed out. It was a suicide note. In Jenks' lapel pocket, there was a fountain pen. And on his right wrist, a wrist watch, smashed. The homicide squad, headed by Captain Timmons, was already gathered there. "Well, Shield, what do you make of it?" Dusty and I looked at each other knowingly. It was plain that we both agreed as to what had happened. I spoke for both of us.

"Captain! Jenks did not commit suicide. *He was murdered!*"

Now, you Junior G Man detectives, can you see what Dusty and I saw? How did we know it was murder almost as soon as we looked at the corpse? Pick out the right solution from among the following:

- 1) Jenks wouldn't have typed out the note if he had a fountain pen in his pocket.
- 2) The wrist watch on his right hand showed that he was left handed, and he therefore would have used his *left hand* to shoot himself in the *left temple*.
- 3) The fact that his face was calm and unmarked shows that he was taken by surprise and never knew what happened!
- 4) If he had killed himself, there would have been powder burns from the pistol on his temple.
- 5) It was suicide, not murder.

Now to those who send in the right solution, we will send a large, suitable for framing certificate promoting you to the rank of *special investigator* in our Shield G Man Club, and your names will be printed on this page announcing your promotions. The proper solution will be given in the next Shield G Man Bulletin.

This contest is open *only to members of the Shield G Man Club, or those sending in for membership along with their answers.*

Get going, pals, and good luck.

*Sincerely,
Joe Higgins*

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension" That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 259-M, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 259-M,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A



Charles
Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVE



IN
ORPHANS
OF
DEATH

ONE DAY AS JOE HIGGINS OF THE FBI WANTS FOR A BUS--



MEANWHILE, LET'S TURN TO DUSTY-

LA DE DUM! I'D
BETTER PICK OUT THE
RECORDS I WANT FOR
TOMORROW'S JIVE PARTY!



MAIRZY-DOTES 'N' DOEZ-E-DOES
'N- OH, OH! THERE GOES THE DOORBELL!
WHO IS IT?

RING



IT'S ME, -JOE!
OPEN THE DOOR!

I CAN'T- I'VE
GOT MY HANDS
FULL!



SO HAVE I! I'VE
GOT A BABY IN MY
ARMS!

OH A BABY!
THAT'S DIFFER-
ENT!



A
BABY!



I WASN'T
KIDDING!



WHERE'D YOU
GET THAT FROM?



A LADY ASKED ME
TO HOLD HER BABY AND
WHEN I TURNED
AROUND, SHE
DISAPPEARED!

HE'S A CUTE KID,
BUT WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO
WITH HIM?



BAW!
WAAH!
WHAM!
WA W!

THE FIRST THING WE HAVE
TO DO IS TO STOP HIM FROM
CRYING! HERE'S A RATTLE
THAT WAS TIED TO HIS HAND!



KITCHY KOO!
KITCHY KOO!
WOOK AT THE PRETTY
WATT WE!



JUST THEN AT
F.B.I. HQR'S

I HAVE JUST
THE MAN FOR YOU
INSPECTOR MCGREGOR!

GOOD! LET'S
GO TO HIM NOW!



THIS MAN I HAVE IN
MIND IS THE FAMOUS
JOE HIGGINS - A MAN
WITHOUT NERVES OR
FEELINGS - A HARD
MAN!

THE HARDER
THE BETTER!



HELLO! WHAT'S
THIS?

KITCHY KOO!
KITCHY KOO!
DON'T CRY - BE A
GOOD-ON-ER -
HELLO CHIEF!

OOOPS!



A HARD MAN, EH!
SEEMS VERY
MATERNAL TO ME!

WHERE'D
YOU GET
THE CHILD
FROM JOE?

NEVER MIND
NOW, CHIEF! HERE
DUSTY, TAKE HIM



WHAT'S UP
CHIEF?

THIS IS INSPECTOR
MCGREGOR OF THE CITY
POLICE, LET HIM TELL
HIS STORY!





HIS WIFE, WHO HELPED HIM WITH THE EXPERIMENT WAS GONE AS WAS HER BABY...IT MIGHT HAVE FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE MURDERERS. THEY WILL NO DOUBT TRY TO GET HER TO DISCLOSE THE FORMULA!

I SEE! SUPPOSE WE HAVE A LOOK AT THE BODY!



LEAVING THE CHILD IN DUSTY'S CARE, THE THREE MEN LEAVE FOR THE APARTMENT-



LATER --

CHOKED TO DEATH BY A MAN OF UNUSUAL STRENGTH!



ANY CLUES?

NOT ONE. THIS JOB WAS DONE BY A VERY SLICK OPERATOR!



SAY- IT'S SIX-THIRTY- I WONDER IF DUSTY WILL REMEMBER TO FEED THE CHILD -



EXCUSE ME WHILE I CALL HIM!

A HARD MAN- EH? HA' HA!





YOU DID AN EXCELLENT
JOB TRAILING THE BABY,
FISHFACE! EXCELLENT!

YEAH! BUT I
AIN'T SO GOOD WIT'
BABIES! HOW DO I
KEEP DIS ONE FROM
BAWLIN'?

HERE'S A RATTLE FISH-
FACE, MAYBE
IT'LL SHUT
HIM UP!

LOOK FIVE BY
FIVE! HE'S SMILIN'
IT DID THE TRICK!

GOOD! LET'S
GO!

A FEW MINUTES AFTER THEY DEPART
DUSTY STIRS-THEN RISES GROGGILY

OH - MY
NECK

BOY THAT FAT BABY SURE
HAD POWERFUL HANDS!
WONDER WHY THEY WANTED
THE KID?

SWIFTLY SLIPPING INTO HIS
UNIFORM, DUSTY BECOMES
THE BOY DETECTIVE -

I'LL HAVE TO HURRY IF
I WANT TO FIND OUT - BUT
I'VE GOT TO LET JOE KNOW
WHERE I'M GOING
SOMEHOW!

I KNOW, I'LL LEAVE A TRAIL
WITH THIS CAN OF
CEREAL!

THERE THEY GO INTO THAT CAR— I'D BETTER STEP ON IT!



MADE IT!



THERE'S NO SIGN OF DUSTY OR THE KID! WHAT'S THIS ON THE FLOOR?



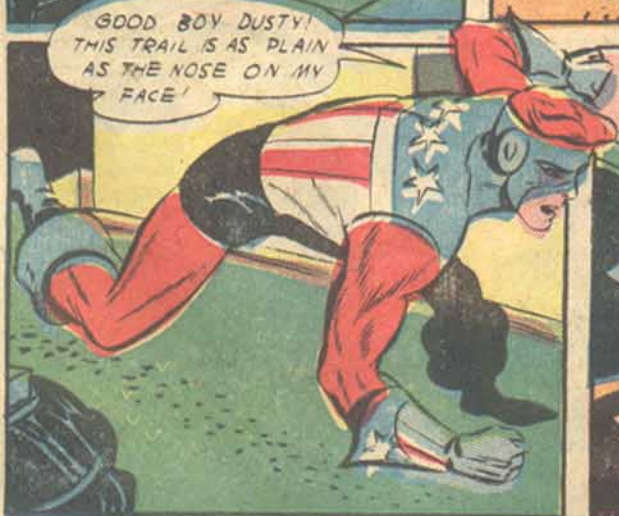
CEREAL— AND THERE SEEMS TO BE A TRAIL OF IT!



BY GEORGE! I GET IT! DUSTY LEFT THIS AS A TRAIL FOR ME TO FOLLOW!



GOOD BOY DUSTY! THIS TRAIL IS AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON MY FACE!



MEANWHILE, THE CAR BEARING DUSTY PULLS UP BEFORE AN OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!



NOW, MRS. PETERS, I
THINK YOU WILL
GIVE ME THE
INFORMATION I
WANT!

MY-- MY
BABY!

YES MY DEAR! ALIVE
NOW BUT NOT FOR
LONG-- UNLESS--

NO! NO!
I'LL TELL
IT'S IN--

HOLD EVERYTHING!

HUH?
WHO--

MY INNINGS NOW,
FATTY!

I'LL MAKE
SURE OF
YOU THIS
TIME YOU
IMP!

AAARGHH

JUST THEN--

WAHOOOO!

UNNOTICED IN THE MELEE, FIVE BY FIVE
AND FISHFACE MAKE THEIR ESCAPE!

HURRY TO THE CAR, FISHFACE!
HE WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY--
LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER
DAY!

UP AND AT
'EM DUSTY!

I'M WAY
AHEAD OF
YOU, SHIELD!



THEY'RE GETTING AWAY
IN THE CAR!



FRIGHTENED BY HIS MOTHER'S SHOUTS
THE CHILD DROPS
HIS RATTLE—



WHICH HURTLES
TOWARD THE KILLERS'
CAR—



AS IT STRIKES THE
AUTO, A TREMENDOUS
EXPLOSION OCCURS—



LATER ... AND SO,
INSPECTOR
MCGREGOR, THE CASE
IS COMPLETELY CLEANED!

I STILL DON'T
GET IT, JOE!



IT'S VERY SIMPLE! FIVE
BY FIVE KNEW HE COULDN'T
GET THE FORMULA. HOWEVER,
A SAMPLE OF THE EXPLOSIVE
WOULD BE JUST AS GOOD.
BUT MRS. PETERS HID
THAT BEFORE SHE
FLED!



FIVE BY FIVE CAUGHT HER—BUT
HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO
KNOW THE ONLY WAY HE COULD
GET HER TO TALK WAS THROUGH
HER BABY—WHICH BY A STRANGE
TWIST OF FATE, SHE TURNED
OVER TO ME WHILE FLEEING!



—IT ALMOST WORKED EXCEPT
THAT DUSTY SPOILED THE
SHOW—YOU SEE, THE EXPLO-
SIVE WAS IN THE BABY'S
RATTLE ALL THE TIME!

WHAT! AND WE
WERE JIGGLING
THAT RATTLE ALL
OVER THE PLACE.
WE COULD HAVE
BEEN BLOWN
SKY-HIGH!



NO DUSTY, IT HAD TO DROP
ON SOMETHING TO DETONATE
THE CHARGE—THE BABY DID
THAT, AND UNKNOWINGLY,
AVENGED HIS FATHER'S
DEATH!

The Black HOOD

MAN
OF
MYSTERY



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS
PICTURE? IT COULDN'T HAP-
PEN IN THIS DAY AND AGE
YOU SAY? THEN THE STORY
YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ
WILL APPEAR FANTASTIC,
UNBELIEVABLE. EVEN THE
BLACK HOOD WOULDN'T
HAVE BELIEVED IT—IF IT
HADN'T HAPPENED TO
HIM !!

NIGHT...AND FROM
THE FOG SHROUDED
WATERS THERE
LOOMS THE PROW
OF A STRANGE
SHIP-



A BOAT IS LOWERED OVERSIDE STRONG ARMS ROW
A FLAT BOTTOMED CRAFT NOISELESSLY OVER THE
DARK, CRESTING WAVES-



AND MEN IN PIRATE GARB, ARM-
ED TO THE TEETH, SWARM LIKE
MONKEYS OVER THE SLOPING
SIDES OF A PEACEFUL CRAFT-



QUIET, MEN! WE
DON'T WANT TO
FRIGHTEN THEM!
NOT UNTIL WE'RE
READY!

AVAST YE HEATHEN!
SLIT THEIR GULLETS,
IF NEED BE!



A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK, ME
HEARTIES! WE'LL SLEEP ON
STACKS OF GOLD WHEN
THIS JOB IS DONE! YE
CAN TAKE BLACK-
BEARD'S WORD
ON THAT!



NEXT MORNING AT PRECINCT 71-

DAGNABBIT! BLACKBEARD'S
MAKING A FOOL OF THE
WHOLE POLICE DEPART-
MENT! HE'S ROBBED 3
SHIPS ALREADY!
WHAT'RE YOU GONNA
DO ABOUT IT?

WHY
ME?
BLACK-
BEARD
ISN'T MY
ASSIGN-
MENT!



STARTING TWO MINUTES AGO,
HE IS! I'M PUTTING YOU ON
THE WATERFRONT! YOUR
ORDERS ARE TO BRING IN
BLACKBEARD!



THAT NIGHT, KID BURLAND PATROLS A CURIOUS BEAT- IN THE GAME ROOM OF JACKSON CARR'S PALATIAL YACHT RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY

ENJOYING YOURSELF?

JUST DOING MY JOB, MR CARR! I WON'T INTERFERE WITH YOUR FUN!

JACKSON CARR'S GUESTS HAVE THEIR OWN IDEAS OF 'FUN'

SEE THAT DEVIL JUMP!

HE HOPPED RIGHT PAST MY NUMBER!

AT LAST THE FROG LEAPS INTO ONE OF THE WHIRLING DISKS. THERE IS A BLAZE OF ELECTRICITY-

NUMBER FOURTEEN WINS!

AN INTERESTING GAME, DON'T YOU THINK? THE FROG IS ELECTROCUTED WHEN HE LANDS ON A NUMBER!

WHM! JACKSON CARR'S FRIENDS ARE WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING FOR A THRILL!

NO THANKS!

THIS IS MY OWN IDEA! THESE PIRANHA FISH WILL TEAR EACH OTHER LIMB FROM LIMB! WOULD YOU CARE TO PLACE A BET?

SAY! THAT SHIP'S OFFICER LOOKS FAMILIAR!

I'LL SWEAR HE WAS HOOK MARTIN! WANTED BY THE POLICE OF A DOZEN STATES! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT HE'S DOING ABOARD THIS YACHT!

SECONDS LATER....

I JUST
DROPPED IN
FOR A TALK!

THE
BLACK
HOOD!

BUT I CAN
SEE YOU'RE IN
NO MOOD
FOR TALKING!

OWWW!

I'M ALWAYS
WILLING TO
OBLIGE!

YOU BOYS CAN
FIGHT THIS OUT
TOGETHER!

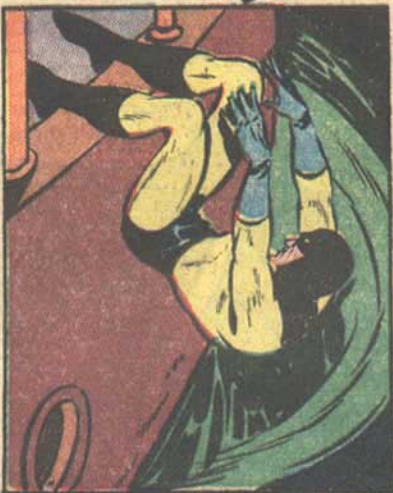
I'LL JUST ADD A
FINISHING TOUCH!

OH HH!
YOU CALL
THAT A TOUCH!

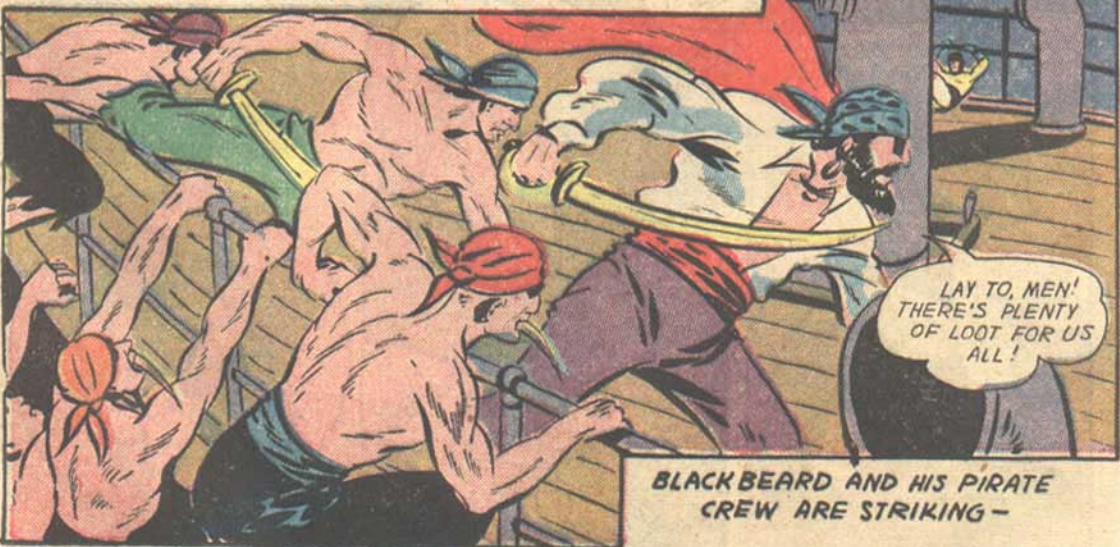
OH HHH!

PAINFUL MINUTES LATER—

THEY'VE GONE! I'LL TELL
JACKSON CARR HE'S HIRED A
CREW OF CRIMINALS! THEY
WON'T GET OFF THE SHIP!



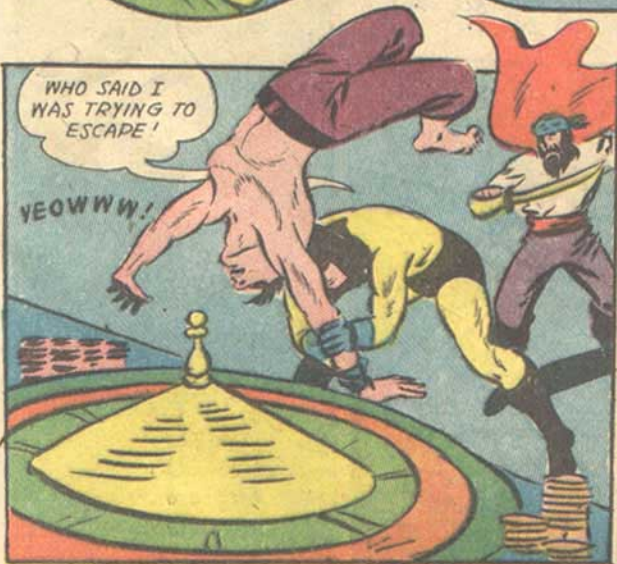
EVEN AS THE BLACK HOOD REGAINS THE DECK, A MOTLEY PIRATE CREW SWARM OVER THE PORT SIDE -



BLACKBEARD AND HIS PIRATE CREW ARE STRIKING -



THEN A CAPED FIGURE CRASHES INTO THE GAME SALON—



BLACKBEARD FIGHTS BACK LIKE A SAVAGE ANIMAL—



MOMENTARILY BLINDED, THE BLACK HOOD FALLS VICTIM TO A VICIOUS THRUST—



LATER THE BLACK HOOD WAKENS TO FIND A NEW PERIL—



PLEASANT DREAMS HA HA HA!



DOWN THROUGH THE COLD GREEN DEPTHS THE BLACK HOOD PLUNGES TOWARD THE OCEAN BOTTOM—



CAN'T LAST LONG GOT TO FREE MY HANDS!



A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME... WHILE BREATH BURSTS IN HIS LUNGS, AND THE TERRIBLE PRESSURE HOLDS HIS BODY IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP...

THE ROPES LOOSER! I'VE GOT TO HURRY!



AT LAST! NOW
TO GET RID OF
THESE WEIGHTS!



THE LONG FIGHT UPWARD
BEGINS -



FRESH AIR! IT
CERTAINLY SMELLS
GOOD!



MEANWHILE WE'LL BE LEAVING
NOW! IF ANY MAN
JACK O' YOU STICKS
OUT HIS HEAD UNTIL
WE'RE CLEAR AWAY,
I'LL CHOP IT OFF
WITH MY SABRE
EDGE! YOU
UNDERSTAND
ME!



THANK YE ALL FOR A
PLEASANT EVENING!
AND A GOOD NIGHT
TO YOU... FROM
BLACK BEARD!
HA HA HA!



BLACK BEARD
MUST HAVE GONE!
I DON'T SEE HIS
SHIP ANYWHERE!



IT WAS A NEAT
HAUL TONIGHT! I'LL
BET THOSE FOOLS ARE
STILL AFRAID TO
LEAVE THE GAMING
ROOM

WELL, I'LL BE! HOOK
MARTIN AND HIS
GANG ARE THE
PIRATES!





கை! * தீ! *
THE BLACK HOOD!
GRAB HIM!

DON'T BE IN
SUCH A HURRY!



I'LL FIX THE
HOOD! HE
WON'T LEAVE
THIS ROOM!



I'LL TAKE THE
KEYS TO THE
DOOR!

UGHHH!



THAT DOES IT!
HOOK MARTIN
AND HIS PIRATES
WILL STAY IN
THERE UNTIL I
COME BACK FOR
THEM!

LET ME
OUT!



A SKELETON KEY
ADMITS THE HOOD TO THE
SUPPLY ROOM -

PIRATE COSTUMES!
THAT FLAG WITH ITS
SKULL AND CROSS BONES
NOW I UNDERSTAND!



SO YOU KNOW MY SECRET!
BUT IT WILL DIE WITH
YOU!

BLACK-
BEARD!



A QUICK LEAP, AND THE BLACK
HOOD SNATCHES A WEAPON -

WE'LL FIGHT
ON EVEN
TERMS!



CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the
BOY
SOLDIERS

COMMUNIQUE # 17

TO ALL COMMANDO UNITS.
IN THE ACTION ON ARUNDO,
FOLLOW THE SOUND OF
SANDY MAGGOWN'S BAGPIPES.
THEY WILL BE LEADING THE
WAY TO VICTORY....

Captain Commando



BY GLENN
+ 1960

OVER THE BLOODY BATTLEGROUND OF FUYARU
THERE MOVES A SOLITARY, SEARCHING FIGURE—

EH, MAN, BUT IT IS
SURE TO BE SOME-
WHERE ABOUT!

'T WAS IN THE
FIGHTING AROUND
THE RIDGE THAT I
'MAUN HAE LOST IT!
I REMEMBER IT
CLEAR!

SUDDENLY A HALF BURIED OBJECT
CATCHES SANDY MACGOWN'S EYE—

EH, MAN! THERE
SHE IS! THERE
IS ME LITTLE
BEAUTY!

AN' I THOUGHT
I LOST YE!
ME OWN BAG-
PIPES! OH, BUT
IT WOULD
HAE BEEN A
HARD DAY
IF I DINAE
FIND YE
HERE!

SO SANDY MACGOWN AND
HIS BAGPIPE WERE RE-
UNITED, ON A BATTLEFIELD
STREWN WITH SCOTTISH DEAD.
FOR THE ACTION AT FUYARU
WAS HARD AND COSTLY, AND
FEW WERE LEFT TO CELE-
BRATE THE VICTORY—

WE ARE ASSIGNING THE
VETERANS OF FUYARU TO
A COMMANDO BATTALION!
YOUR BATTLE EXPERIENCE
WILL PROVE HELPFUL IN
FUTURE OPERATIONS!

AYE, BUT
I HOPE
THEY WILL
NAE OB-
JECT TO ME
BAGPIPES!

YOUR BAGPIPES!
YOU CAN'T TAKE
THEM!

THEN I CANNA
GO EITHER! FOR
ME AN' THE
PIPES GO
TOGETHER!

AFTER TWO HOURS OF FRUITLESS ARGUMENT...

VERY WELL! YOU CAN TAKE YOUR BAGPIPES! BUT I'VE NO IDEA WHAT THE COMMANDOS WILL THINK!

I AM SURE THEY ARE MOST REASONABLE MEN! AN' IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO KNOW THEM!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER—A SHIP'S DOCK—

WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE, CAPTAIN?

WAITING FOR SOMEONE! AND HERE COMES NOW!



SANDY MACGOWN IS HIS NAME! AND THOSE KILTS ARE THE REGULAR SCOTTISH UNIFORM!

HEY! YOU DON'T MEAN DAT GUY IN SKOITS!



GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US, MACGOWN!

BEGORRA! AN' IT'S GLAD I AM TO BE HERE!



SKOITS! AND A GUY WHAT NEVER LOINED TO TALK ENGLISH WIT' OUT AN ACCENT! WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NEXT?



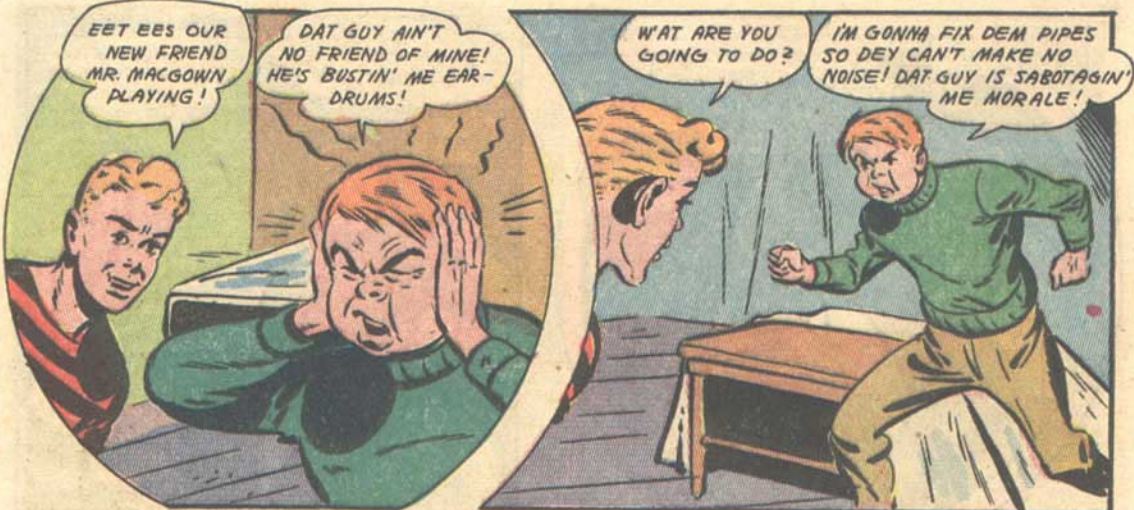
THE ANSWER TO BROOKLYN'S QUESTION IS SOON FORTHCOMING. THAT NIGHT, THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE SLEEPING CAMP IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED—



CRIPES! WHAT'S COMING OFF AROUND HERE? I NEVER HOID SUCH NOISE IN ALL ME LIFE!

I RECOG-NIZE EET! EET IS THE SOUND OF BAGPIPES!





PAINFUL MINUTES LATER BROOKLYN RETURNS TO HIS TENT-

DEED YOU FEEX HIS BAGPIPE SO IT WEEEL NOT PLAY?

SHADDUP!

DON'T NEVER MENTION NO BAGPIPES TO ME! YE UNNERSTAN'?

EES SOMETHEENG HURTING YOU?

Ooooo

NAH! AN' DON'T AST ME WHY I'M SLEEPIN' ON ME STOMACH EITHER! ME DAT'S JUST CUZ I LIKE IT, SEE?

OUI! EEF YOU SAY SO BROOKLYN!

BUT MORNING BRINGS NEW TOLERANCE TO BROOKLYN'S SOUL, AND RELIEF TO ANOTHER PORTION OF HIS ANATOMY-

WE'RE MOVING ON, ARUNDA. MEN! OUR JOB IS TO SECURE THE BEACH SO THE MARINES AND OTHER REGULAR ARMY UNITS CAN MOVE IN!

HOOT AWDO! ME PIPES AND I WILL BE READY!

IS IT NECESSARY TO TAKE THE BAGPIPE TOO, MAC-GOWN?

I'VE ME OWN REASONS, SIR! I PROMISE YE THERE WILL BE NARY A DEEP OUT OF THEM UNTIL THE TIME COMES!

ALL RIGHT THEN! THIS WON'T BE A PUSHOVER! THE JAPS WILL DEFEND ARUNDA TO THE LAST MAN... WE LEAVE AT MIDNIGHT! UNTIL THEN, GOOD LUCK!

PROMPTLY TO THE APPOINTED HOUR THE LANDING BARGES BEGIN AN EXPEDITION INTO PERIL... CARRYING THE GRIM COMMANDOS TO AN UNKNOWN FATE-

WE SHOULD
BE NEARING
THE BEACH!

I DINNA LIKE IT! THE
JAPS ARE A WILY SORT
AND THEY HAVE SEEN US
ERE THIS!

SILENTLY THE FLAT-BOTTOMED BARGE GLIDES IN
TO THE BEACH—

NO SIGN OF
ANYONE
ABOUT!

THEY'RE HERE--
WE MAY LAY TO
THAT!

WE'LL HAVE TO
RISK IT! COME ON,
MEN!

HARDLY ARE ALL THE COMMAN-
DOS ASHORE WHEN A WITHERING
CROSSFIRE BLASTS THEM DOWN—

THE DEVILS
ARE LYIN'
BEHIND THE
KNOLL!

WE'RE
TRAPPED! BACK
TO THE BOATS!

FROM THE SCANTY SHELTER OFFERED BY THE LANDING
BARGES, THE COMMANDOS WAGE A VALIANT BUT HOPELESS BATTLE
AGAINST ODDS—

WE CAN'T LAST LONG
AT THIS RATE! WE'VE
GOT TO CHARGE THOSE
GUNS!

BUT EVEN THE STOUT HEARTS OF THE
COMMANDOS QUAIL AT THE THOUGHT OF THE
TASK BEFORE THEM—

IT IS SURE
DEATH TO
GO OUT
THERE!

SACRE NOM!
I AM A COWARD!
I CANNOT DO
EET!

I ALWAYS KNEW
IT'D BE DULL TO
LIVE TO A RIPE
OLD AGE! NOW I
DON'T HAFTA FIND
OUT!

AND WHILE THE COMMANDOS HESITATE, A LONE
FIGURE STRIDES BOLDLY OUT OF CONCEALMENT-

MACGOWN!
COME BACK
HERE, YOU FOOL!



UP THE STEEP SLOPE IN THE FACE
OF MURDEROUS FIRE, THE
COMMANDOS BLAST THEIR
WAY FORWARD -



DOWN INTO THE JAP MACHINE GUN
NESTS WITH GLEAMING BAYONET -



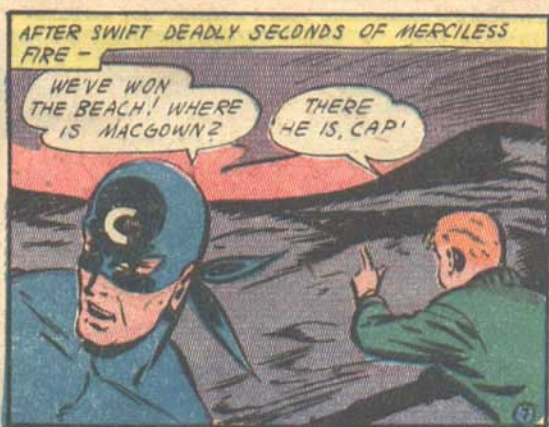
HERE'S A LITTLE
PINEAPPLE TO
ADD TO YOUR
DIET!



AFTER SWIFT DEADLY SECONDS OF MERCILESS
FIRE -

WE'VE WON
THE BEACH! WHERE
IS MACGOWN?

THERE
HE IS, CAP!



YOU'RE
BADLY
HURT!

'TIS NO MATTER ABOUT
ME! BUT I COULD HAE... WISHED
...TO LIVE LONGER TO PLAY... THE
PIPES... FOR THE SCOTS WHO DIED
AT FUYARU!

I PROMISED THEM... I WOULD
PLAY... A LAST VICTORY TUNE
WHEN I'D MADE THE JAPS PAY.

MACBOWN!

THAT DAY THE AMERICAN SHOCK TROOPS
SWEEP ON TO A SMASHING TRIUMPH ON
THE BLOODY ATOLL OF ARUNDA-

HE'S GONE! SO THAT'S WHY HE
BROUGHT HIS BAG PIPES! HE
WANTED HIS OLD BRIGADE TO
SHARE IN THE LAST
VICTORY!

ONLY HE
NEVER LIVED
TO PLAY DEIR
SONG!

MAYBE DERE IS STILL
SOMETHING WE CAN DO
ABOUT DAT!

WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!
CHARGE!

AND THE WHEEZY STRAINS OF A
BAGPIPE PLAY THE SCOTTISH
HYMN OF VICTORY AS WELL AS
THE EXPERT HANDS CAN MANAGE!

NICE GOING BROOKLYN!
YOU DON'T SOUND
HALF BAD!

LATER, BESIDE AN OPEN
GRAVE- YOU CARRIED
THE BAGPIPE WITH YOU
IN LIFE, SANDY! IT BELONGS
TO YOU IN DEATH!

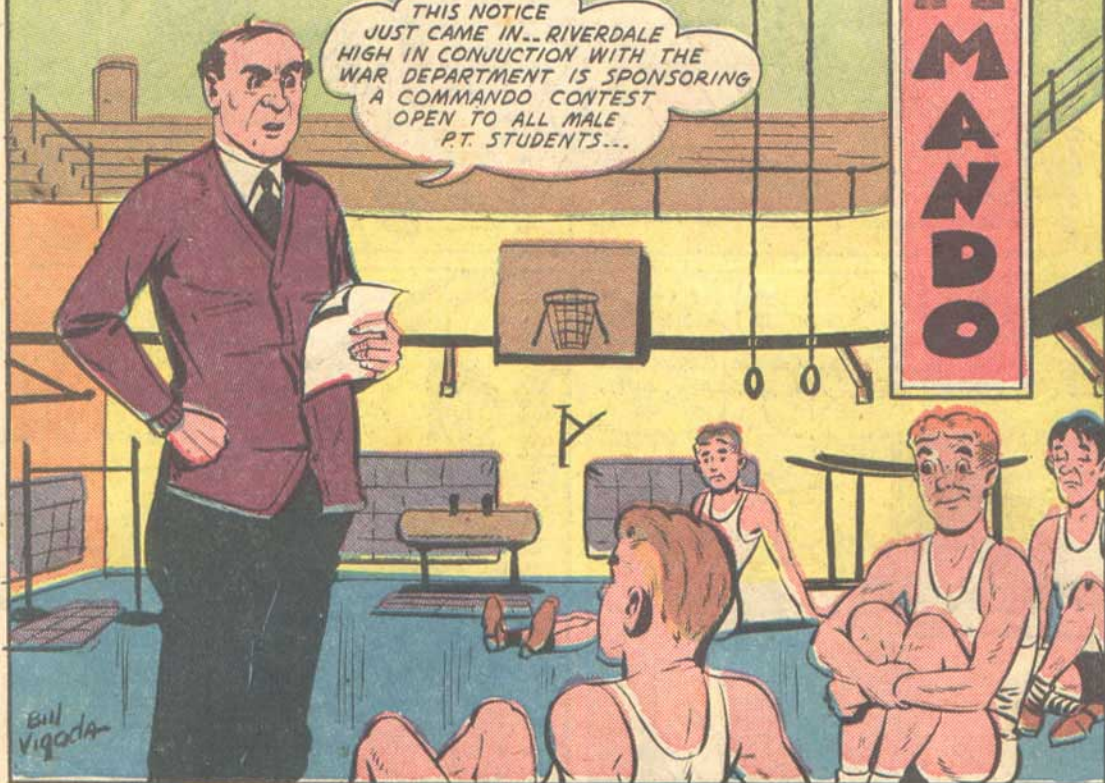
I HOPE HE DIDN'T
MIND ME BLOW-
ING HIS PIPE!

HE UNDERSTOOD BROOKLYN!
I'M SURE SANDY MACGOWN
AND HIS BRAVE SCOTS
WERE LISTENING!
AND THEY WERE
PROUD!

Archie

the
COMMANDO

THIS NOTICE
JUST CAME IN... RIVERDALE
HIGH IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE
WAR DEPARTMENT IS SPONSORING
A COMMANDO CONTEST
OPEN TO ALL MALE
P.T. STUDENTS...



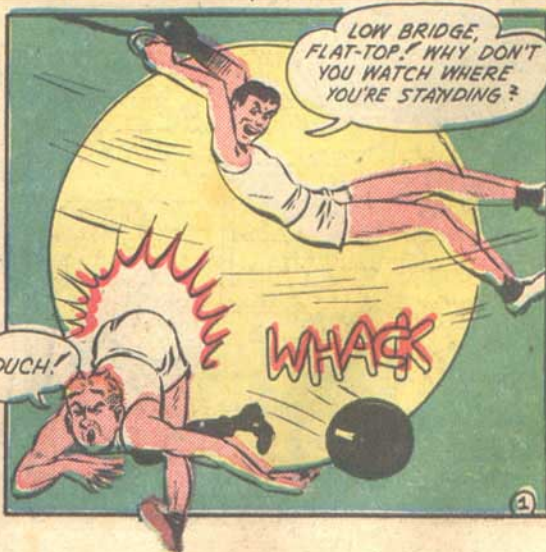
THIS IS ONE TIME
I'M NOT STICKING MY NECK
OUT, JUG. I CAN'T EVEN CROSS
THE STREET WITHOUT GETTING
INTO TROUBLE-LET
ALONE A COMMANDO
CONTEST.

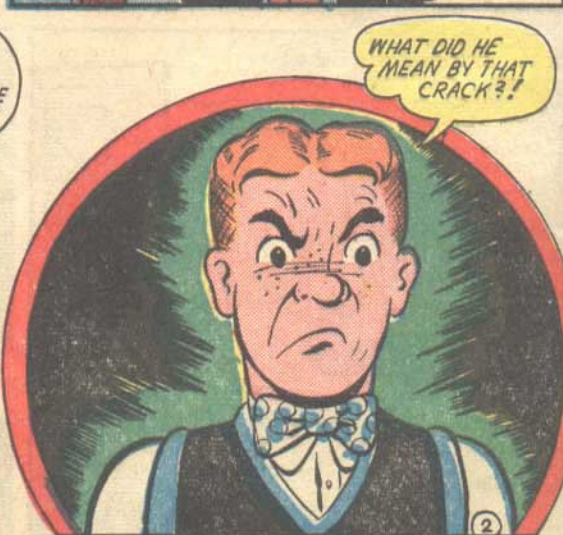


LOW BRIDGE,
FLAT-TOP! WHY DON'T
YOU WATCH WHERE
YOU'RE STANDING?

OUCH!

WHACK





NAME?

DO YOU HAVE
TO GIVE YOUR NAME
NOW FOR A HAM
SANDWICH?

WE CAN DO WITHOUT
THE CLOWNING!
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?!

ER... ARCHIE
ANDREWS...

ALL RIGHT, ANDREWS,
REPORT AT JOHNSON'S
MEADOW NEXT WEEK
FOR THE COMMANDO
CONTEST!!

C-C-C-COMMANDO
CONTEST?!
O.L.D.!!

JUGHEAD
JONES!!

CRASH

next week

WELL WELL!!
IF IT ISN'T OL'
PINHEAD HIMSELF!!
SO YOU CHANGED YOUR
MIND! GOOD LUCK!
YOU'LL NEED IT!!

ATTENTION! THESE
ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!
YOU WILL FOLLOW NUMBERED
LANES DURING WHICH YOU
WILL OVERCOME THE VARIOUS
OBSTACLES YOU'LL MEET!
THE FIRST ONE IN IS
THE WINNER!!

THEY'RE OFF!



WHAT'S
HOLDING YOU?
C'MON!!



HAVE A
NICE TRIP!
HAW! AIN'T
I FUNNY!!



HELP!

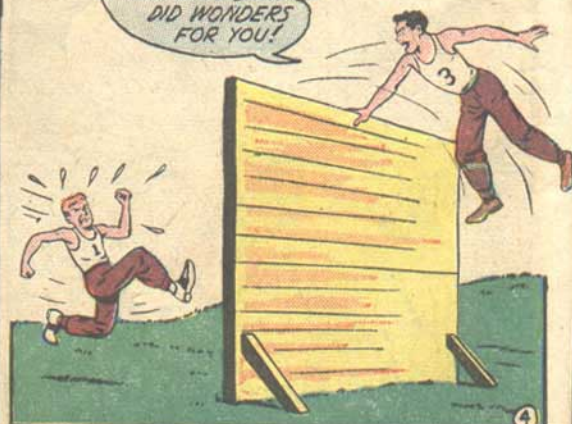
SKWUSH



YOU LOOK
BETTER
ALREADY!
THAT MUD BATH
DID WONDERS
FOR YOU!



OH MY G
DARN THAT
REGGIE! I'LL
GET HIM
YET!



UGH! THIS ISN'T
EASY AS I THOUGHT!!
UGH!! UMPH!!



BOY! TALK
ABOUT COMMANDO
TRICKS. REGGIE
SHOULD SEE
THIS ONE!

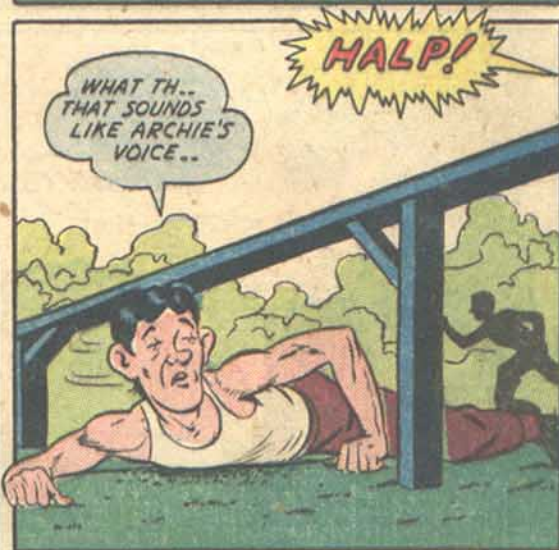


I CAN'T MAKE
IT!! IF I
COULD GET A
BOOST! SAY THAT
POLE!!



WHAT TH...
THAT SOUNDS
LIKE ARCHIE'S
VOICE...

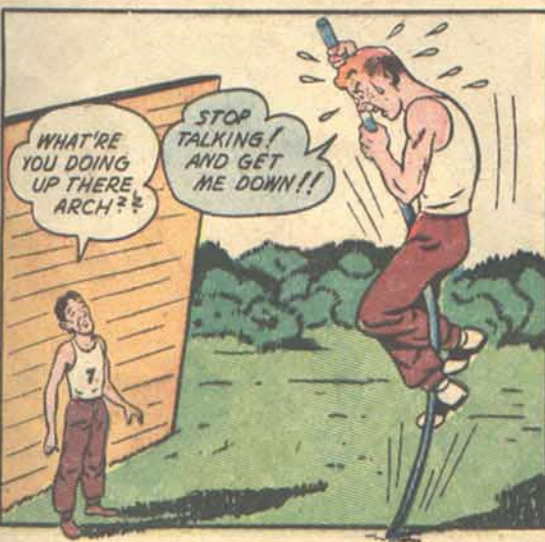
HALP!



later...

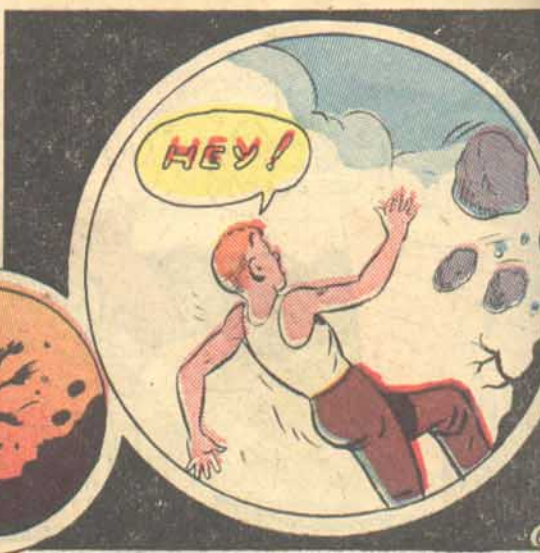
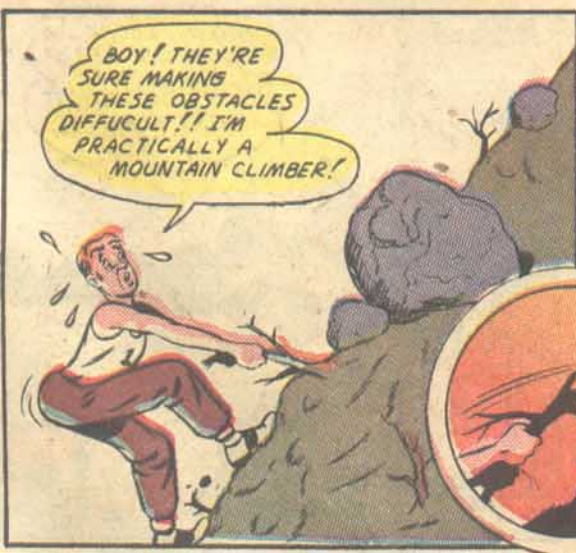
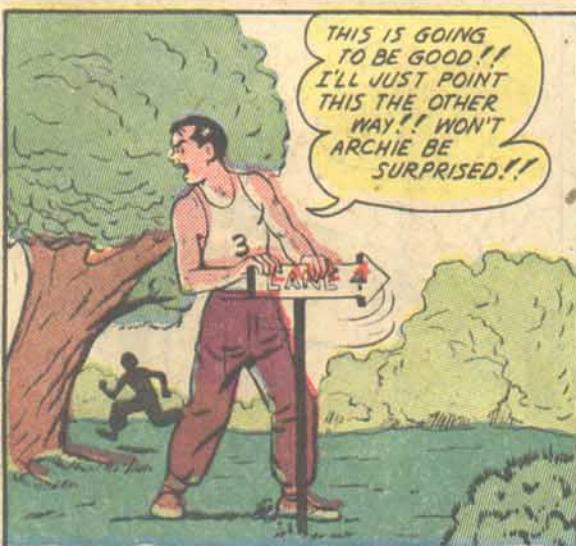
WHAT'RE
YOU DOING
UP THERE
ARCH?!

STOP
TALKING!
AND GET
ME DOWN!!

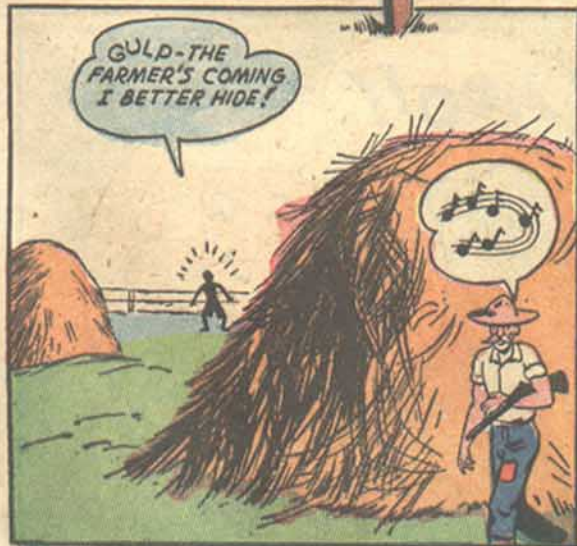
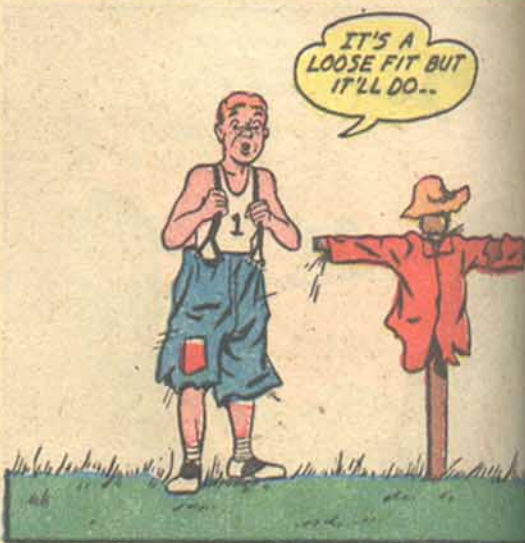
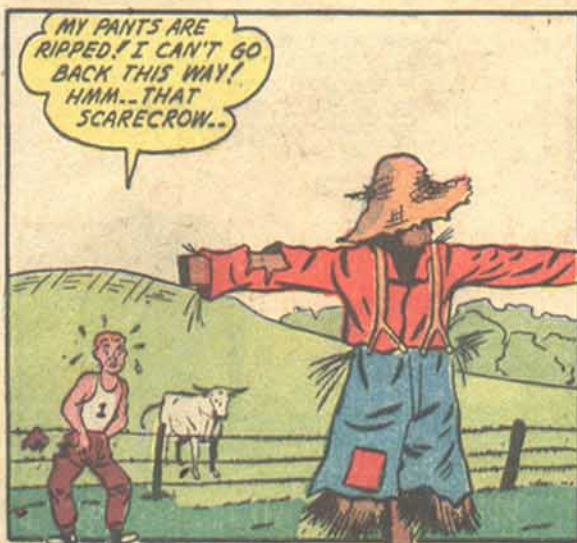


WHEW!! LUCKY
ONLY JUGHEAD HEARD
ME... HEY... THIS
LOOKS EASY... JUST
ROW ACROSS!







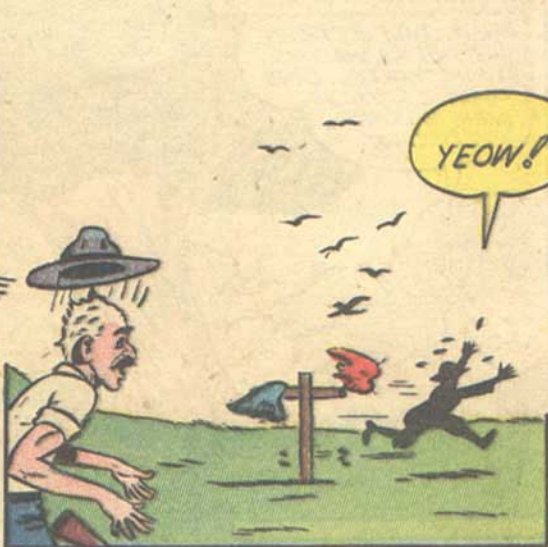


I'LL FINISH
'EM FOR GOOD
THIS TIME!

BANG
BANG



YEOW!



THAT WAS
CLOSE! BUT
HOW DO I GET
BACK TO
LANE 4?



THERE'S THE
MIDTOWN BUS!!
HEY!! STOP!!
HOLD IT!

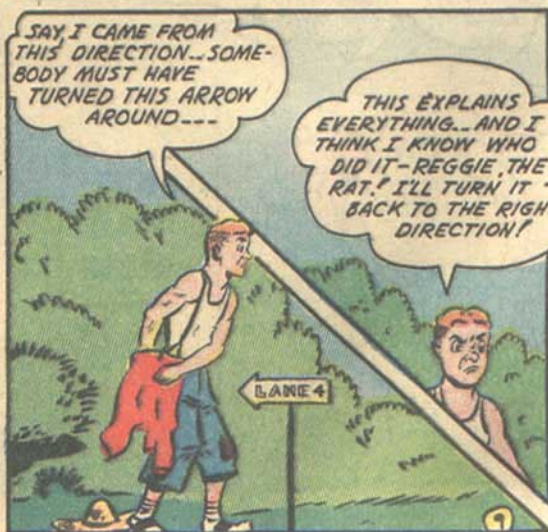


GEE...THE
WAY THEY STARE
AT ME YOU'D
THINK I WAS
OUT OF THIS
WORLD...



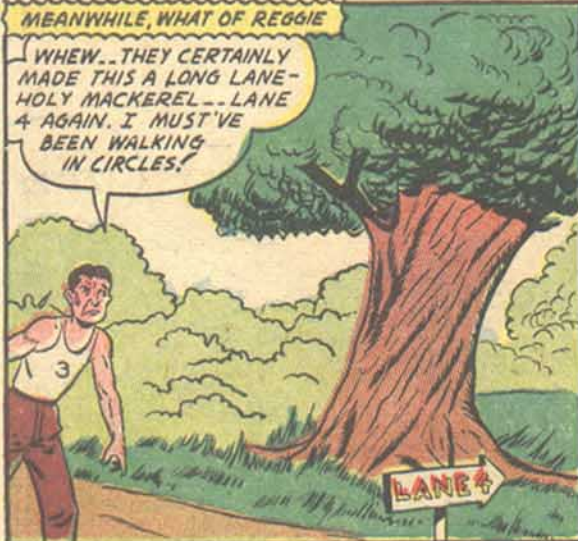
SAY, I CAME FROM
THIS DIRECTION...SOME-
BODY MUST HAVE
TURNED THIS ARROW
AROUND---

THIS EXPLAINS
EVERYTHING...AND I
THINK I KNOW WHO
DID IT--REGGIE, THE
RAT! I'LL TURN IT
BACK TO THE RIGHT
DIRECTION!



MEANWHILE, WHAT OF REGGIE

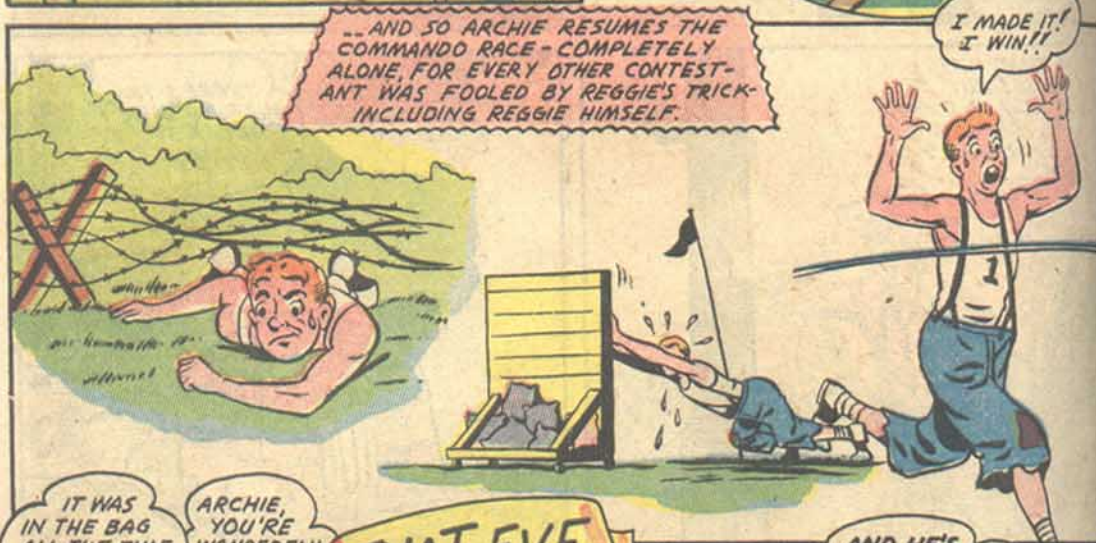
WHEW...THEY CERTAINLY MADE THIS A LONG LANE-HOLY MACKEREL...LANE 4 AGAIN. I MUST'VE BEEN WALKING IN CIRCLES!



I SWITCHED THIS ARROW AROUND, SO I'LL GO IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...OF COURSE! BOY, DID I MAKE SUCK OUT OF THE REST OF THE CROWD!



...AND SO ARCHIE RESUMES THE COMMANDO RACE - COMPLETELY ALONE, FOR EVERY OTHER CONTESTANT WAS FOOLED BY REGGIE'S TRICK - INCLUDING REGGIE HIMSELF.



I MADE IT! I WIN!!

IT WAS IN THE BAG ALL THE TIME, VERONICA. I COULDN'T LOSE!

ARCHIE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL. YOU DESERVE SOMETHING FOR THIS!

THAT EVE.



BUY WAR BONDS

AND HE'S GONNA GET IT! HEAR THAT? HE COULDN'T LOSE! I KNEW HE WAS THE GUY WHO CHANGED THAT MARKER!

I SHOULD'VE BROUGHT THE CRANK HANDLE AFTER ALL OF THIS SMALL...

